THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 34.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 59.

TO THE WANDERER.

Mr. Wanderer.

I don't know which to admire most, your self-sufficiency or the impertinence of your correspondent Mr. Peter Pallid. Who informed you, Sir, that your dull productions were read by *many females?* Be assured, that if we are insulted with any more such vile trash as the letter in your last number, not a lady of *haut ton* will deign to inspect your writings. As for the *weight of authority* you possess over the fashionable part of *our* sex, I should be glad to know whence you derived it. You had better be quiet, let me tell you, *we* are not so easily managed. For your *stupid* correspondent I have a rod in pickle, intending to return the blow he gave me, (for Sir, I am the lady he says *looks so much like a man*) the very first opportunity, and am sure from the delicacy of his nerves, he wont recover his *impudence* for a fortnight. Not that the blow was any great matter, though from his description you might suppose it a tremendous assault, and for his *roaring out* I declare it was scarcely more than a whisper.

Pray, Mr. Wanderer, what is there I should be glad to know, more absurd in our dresses than those of the men? Dont they change the cut of a coat and the size of a hat as often as we do the form of a bonnet or the fashion of a cloak or pelisse. Last summer they were to be seen in all companies habited in short coats, and when met in the streets a *gentleman* was not distinguishable from a *footboy*. At one time they wear a waistcoat four *inches* in length, at another it is extended to half the number of *feet*. Not long since their hair was cropt close to the head, it is now made to stand erect like the quils of a hedge hog, and as an emblem of the filthy weed with the smoke of which your beau is always scented, a *sort of cigarr* is suspended behind by a yard of ribon. Well may those *gents* complain of the ladies modes and fashions when the cloathes which they wear are so enormously large that the same coat will fit all shapes and sizes. *This*, Sir, is *indeed* preposterous, and the fashion probably owed its origin to the ingenuity of some such effeminate being as your *friend* Pallid, who would disguise his weakness by waste of broad cloth; or else to some of those necessitous beaux who like Archer and Aimwell, in the play, were reduced to the expedient of appearing as gentlemen by *turns*. Is there nothing rediculous in the appearance of those tremendous *capes*, which have half the dimentions of the great coats they belong

to and which are nearly large enough to make an old woman a comfortable *riding-hood*? Let Mr Pallid answer me this before he ventures again to animadvert on female fashions. He talks of our assuming male attire forsooth, why, it was but last sunday that I met two gentlemen with those net work tippets usually called *comfortables* about their necks, which is certainly an assumption of our costume, and notwithstanding his sneers, I think it highly probable that *Peter* himself will be seen before the winter is out, with his delicate fingers hidden within the snug aperture of a *Bear skin muff*. But I dismiss the subject; my only intention being to disclaim your pretended authority over *our* sex; if you possess any over the *other*, exert it in *our* behalf by confining the lounging gentlemen in their compting houses or behind their counters, leaving *Cornhill* for our exclusive use,...so may you regain the attention of the ladies and the friendship of your *offended*, though I must acknowledge, *constant* reader,

NANCY NETTLETOP.

Want of gallantry must not be charged against the Wanderer, for omitting to publish the preceeding letter in his last number, the printer having called for *copy* before the communication was received. To its contents he considers *silence* the safest reply. He is acquainted with the activity of an angry woman's *tongue*, and is led by analogy to dread no less the operation of an offended female's *pen*.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs. Editors,

DURING a residence of several months in the interior of Switzerland, I was charmed on the one hand with the grandeur of the country, and on the other by the innocence, the industry and the virtue of its inhabitants. While I was studying their manners, or sketching views of their lofty and romantic scenery, I was led to admire also the beautiful simplicity of the songs and pastoral poetry of the peasants of the Alps. Every traveller who has passed that way must have been often delighted with the sweet musick of the Swiss mountaineers. Their poetic genius was generally exercised in gay and happy subjects, at their rural festivals; but the miseries and desolation which the French army brought upon Switzerland, gave a different tone to their minds, and were the theme of many a melancholy idyl, which are now to be heard over the graves of those, who fell in the struggle for life and independence. I was once particularly struck with the artless and pathetic *manner* of the following verses; the effect however was probably heightened by the fine voice, and the careless but interesting appearance, of ROSALIE, a beautiful girl, an orphan of sixteen, who I was told had lost her brother in the war of 1794.—It is a mournful Swiss air, and contains a simplicity, a conciseness, a certain *je ne sais quoi*, of which our own language is hardly susceptible.

O *Edart!* et nis règne ol
Vacs cuss rellevir d' cus ol
Ibdéti, dednœ Rutar; et o
Il otsno isno, terpi Zion o!
Cus ni cam repapœ?
Eso! tel ba' Gual, y lœr s' iti,
Et Suissa redditi!

The lines have been imitated by M. Suard in those incomparable verses, which begin "Ah mon frère, mon frere d' enfance"—and may be thus freely rendered into English;

"Oh Edward! my brother, companion of the playful hours of infancy, and hope of my future life, how early was thy end, how early has the iron hearted tyrant snatched thee from peace and happiness!

"But I will no longer weep: he has died for Switzerland, and already I see the wreath of glory on his brow, and the silver gates of Paradise opening to embrace him!

"And thou, France, curse of my native land, shall soon bend beneath the sway of despotism, and Switzerland be avenged!"

My admiration for the poetry, as well as the amiable character, of the Swiss peasantry, induced me to collect as far as I was able, many of these fugitive pieces: and I am convinced that, could they be introduced to the acquaintance of the literary world, they might rival the poems of Ossian, or the songs of Robert Burns. While I remain in this place, I shall employ my leisure in transcribing and translating them, for your agreeable miscellany. In the mean time, I would suggest to some of your poetical correspondents, to attempt to give more perfect translations, in English verse.

A STRANGER.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 9.

School of Reform, (Morton) and the Quaker. Monday, Dec 8.

Same play, and All the World's a Stage. Wednesday, Dec. 10.

Same play, and Jew and Doctor. Friday, Dec. 12.

Same play, and Harlequin's Frolics. Monday, Dec. 15.

The School of Reform during its run, has met with various success. Unfavourable weather has sometimes interrupted the profits of the managers; but in general their expectations have been realised. So much of our paper has already been filled with remarks upon this piece, that a renewed course of observations on its various repetitions, would perhaps be both tedious and unnecessary. The length of the last *Ordeal*, however, precluded thepossibility of introducing additional comment, at that time, without greatly exceeding our limits; and there are remaining, several topics of judgment, not yet decisively discussed.

In our remarks on the play, the characters of Mrs. St. Clair, Julia, and Shelah were not particularly noticed, and as to any *original* excellence in either, they do not deserve to be mentioned. But the part of Shelah attracted our attention, not so much from its importance, as from the singularly perfect *mis-conception* of it, by Mrs. Barnes.

Shelah, is an innocent *Irish* girl, faithful and affectionate, blunt and blundering with her *tongue*, continually tripping her *heart* never. In this respect Morton seems to agree with a cotemporary dramatist, that the art of finding language for the Irish character on the stage is not to render it foolish or absurd; but whilst you furnish it with expressions that excite laughter, you must engraft them upon sentiments that deserve applause. This character in other hands would have excited some interest; but as acted by Mrs.Barnes no traces of its real features could be discovered. In truth the whole was a complete *blunder*; and so far may be said to have been *Irish*. The language was uttered in an English dialect; and of course the humour of the part was intirely destroyed. The following is extracted from the play to shew the character we are speaking of.

Enter Shelah to Julia and Mrs. Ferment.

Julia. Well good Shelah, how is my friend?

Shelah. Oh! mighty weak, madam.

Mrs. Fer. I fear her indisposition increases.

Shelah. Then Heaven keep her as she is poor lady! for fear she grows worse. She wishes to take a walk out, so I am going to carry a coach to her.

Mrs. Fer. I'll take care of that.---You doubtless acquainted with Mrs. St. Clair's story.

Shelah. I am madam,

Mrs. Fer. Then pray tell me.—

Shelah. I won't madam. *(Courtesying.)*

Mrs. Fer. My faithful girl, believe me, my question would not have ended to abuse the confidence placed in you.

Shelah. I hope not madam, for my fidelity is all in this world I can call my own, and *that's* my lady's.

Mrs. Fer. Accept this as a reward for that fidelity *(offering money.)*

Shelah. Ah madam, and would you be after paying me for what is no trouble at all, and what I can't help? Had I indeed betrayed my dear lady, that would have been a mighty trouble to me, and I should have deserved any thing you could offer me."

Julia has been personated both by Mrs. Usher and Mrs. Dykes; by the latter, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the former. Mrs. Usher appeared very well dressed, and acted quite as well as could reasonrbly be hoped for; but Mrs. Dykes was *not* dressed well, neither could she be sufficiently heard to be understood. Mr. Dykes was respectable in the *Old Man.*

We have not remarked any essential difference in the performances, of Messrs. Bernard, Cauldfieid, Usher, Fox or Dickenson, since the last remarks; and we make the same decision as before, with respect to the females concerned in the piece. Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Shaw, are both entitled to the same degree of censure, and the same degree of praise which before was awarded them.

Mrs. Downie is *forever* the same.

Provoked Husband, or Journey to London, (Colley Cibber & Sir John Vanbrugh) and Dermont and Kathleen, or Irish Wedding.

Wednesday, Dec. 17.

The joint testimony of poets and critics has distinguished the play of the *Provoked Husband* above most comedies of its time. The elegant and accurate *Doctor Blair*, making some exception to the double plot, considers it the best play in the English language; but *Lord Kaims* raises such serious objections to its transgression of the unity of action, that it may reasonably be doubted whether Blair's decision be absolutely just. It is an opinion now very generally received, that whenever an *under* plot is admitted in a dramatic performance, it should always conduce to advance, or retard the progress of the fable; and though the characters of which it may be composed may have no immediate connection with the *main* plot, yet the general catastrophe should be the consequence of the *whole* action. The play before us directly infringes this rule; the incidents of the Wronghead family, and those of Lord Townleys, are separate and independent stories.

The most distinguishing trait in this play is its *preservation* of character. Besides, the natural cast of thought which is given to each personage, the happy strokes of humour which pervade the whole, and the justness of its moral, are the more remarkable as they come from the licentious pens of Colley Cibber and Sir John Vanbrugh.

The design of the Provoked Husband is chiefly to expose and reform the licentious irregularities that too often break in upon the peace and happiness of the marriage state; and the masterly dialogue of Lord and Lady Townley bitter without vulgarity, and elegant without being overstrained, is an efficient mean to promote this laudable end. Lady Grace and Mr. Manly, are characters of the most accomplished worth: *Manly* honourable, judicious, sensible and acute; and *Lady Grace* discreet, domestic, elegant and affectionate.

The Wronghead family are drawn as contrasts to the Townley family; and in the scenes in which the former are concerned, we are convulsed with laughter, or we frown with disgust.

It is evident, that an exhibition containing such a number of *superior* parts, all requiring great powers of acting, should have demanded the introduction of the utmost strength of the company. But to our great disappointment, the cast of this play was incontestibly the worst the whole season has witnessed. Some actors performing characters they were perfectly unfit for, and others left out whose powers would have been suitably exerted; while at the same time from so bungling an arrangement, those who were properly fitted to their characters, had to contest in the same scene with inefficiency in the rest. By this means, the play became so garbled and mutilated, that one of the best comedies we have, appeared one of the worst, and all its attic wit, keen sarcasm, and biting reproof, sunk into the violent recriminations of irritated barbarity. General expectation had been awaked to see Mrs. Stanley appear in high life comedy, and the managers in

gratified the public will, by introducing her, where she had every disadvantage to encounter, in the conduct of the scene. Why was not Mr. Caulfield cast to Lord Townley? Because it would have done honour to his abilities?—Yes. And because it did *not* accord with the talents he possesses, it was given to Mr. Usher. If the Managers have so tender a regard for the reputation of Mrs. Powell, that Mrs. Stanley cannot have a *fair* opportunity of evincing her capacity to please, they may rely upon it their reputation for candour with the public cannot be expected to increase.

We now come to an analysis of the performance; and in general terms, it was acted exceedingly ill.

Lord Townley by Mr. Usher, was intirely wanting in deportment, in discrimination, in force. Imperfect in his part, and deficient in articulation, he confounded the meaning of the author by frequent blunders, or uttered it so feebly that it could not be understood. In the closing scene, however, he became more perfect and less tame; tho' taken as a whole, it was truly another character, than the judicious, severe and grave though elegant Lord Townley.

As to Mr. Fox in Manly, he would not *deserve* notice, were it not for the importance of the part. A more complete dereliction of all propriety, either in manners, conception, or language we never witnessed. He is the most indifferent Manly, which ever disgraced a performer; his part was intolerably imperfect, his deportment ungenteel; and his apprehension as dull, as his utterance was base. Mr. Fox should have had *Squire Richard*, in which part he would have had an opportunity to evince his powers. But the censures we have passed, apply more to those who cast the play, than to Mr. F. In a character a gentleman feels himself incapable of personating, he can feel no interest; the consequence is, the part is neglected, and the audience fatigued.

We pass Squire Richard by Mr. Morgan, with a sneer at the managers, and come to John Moody by Mr. Barnard. It is certainly the best personation of the same character we recollect. He dressed it more appropriately, than usual, and in the first scene with Manly, Lord Townly and Lady Grace, he gave it great humour and force.

Mr. Poe was Count Bassett; and acted, as usual, quite tamely.

In examining the female parts, we have to express our surprise at the non-appearance of Mrs. Powell in Lady Grace. She has acted it before. Was she not sensible, Mrs. Usher was not calculated to support it? Or was she determined Mrs. Stanley should experience every difficulty it was possible to throw in her way, in the performance of Lady Townley? Here she certainly exceeded any thing we have ever seen of Mrs. Powell.*

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* *We inform* "Any-thing-but-an-Old-Woman," *under which signature we are addressed in answer to* SENEX, *a writer in the Centinel, that however just his insinuations may be, we cannot consent to introduce it at length in the Ordeal. If the extracts which follow will gratify him, we assure him they have at the same time the full coincidence of our own opinion.*

"*Mrs. Stanley,*" *adds our Grey-beard,* "*has decidedly great merit, but we cannot wish to see her* displace *Mrs. Powell.—May no theatrical revolution ever give us a female who shall place this lady into the back-ground.*" *Aye, there's the rub.—All this farrago of ethics and criticism, and modesty and praise, and empty puff, is beat together and formed into a mere paste for what was too gross for the taste of* folly *without it. Mrs. Powell must sustain the first line in the profession, to the exclusion of all talent which the known liberality of the town may invite here—and why? Because, during the* sole *management of her husband,* "*she was the principal ornament of our stage.*"—— *Now we are very far from allowing even this; but if it be true, ought it not rather to sink the head of the manager, than to raise that of his wife, already giddy with the elevation of self-conceit. The taste of the town, its indulgence, nay its beneficence to Mr. Powell, entitled us long since, to some brighter stage ornament than his wife. Such was the sentiment of the town, and the town expressed it. Mr. Bernard, in consequence of it, went to England for the express purpose of procuring an actress to assist, and indeed to supercede Mrs. Powell. Mrs. Stanley arrived: her character as an actress crossed the atlantic long before she had dreamed of doing it; and her* Letitia Hardy *satisfied the expectation of the public. Yet, although Mrs. Stanley is articled for the first line*

In this part making such allowances as the nature of the case can sufficiently demand we think the beauties far overbalanced the defects of Mrs. Stanley's performance. Her dress was rich, and elegant; but both that and the colour of her face were too glaring, to consist with the *agreeable*, so necessary in Lady Townley. There is a sprightliness and an insinuating air, which her acknowledged excellence in elocution did not confer. In costume she is generally without an equal on the stage; and her manners are those of a woman of quality. These remarks however apply to her first scenes, in the *great* interview towards the close, her powers were certainly unrivalled. Her reception of his Lordship's reproofs and determination finally to separate, evinced great accuracy of manner: and the beauties of her account of herself, before and after marriage were various and singular: especially, the close, "no wonder if the gentler sense of *Love* was lost," most powerfully operated on the audience. Her reconciliation was brought about with great effect, and the concluding lines of the piece were uttered in a fine style.

For in the marriage state the world must own
Divided happiness was never known.
To make it *mutual*, nature points the way
Let *husbands govern*; gentle *wives obey*.

Mrs. Usher in Lady Grace did her utmost; but the part is beyond her efforts: she cannot reach it.

Mrs. Shaw's Lady Wronghead passed off very well; as well indeed as could be expected from the part.

Miss Jenny in Mrs. Poe, had an able representative; the hoyden is remarkably adapted to her powers. The Country-Girl might possibly show her abilities to advantage.

We hope should the same play be acted again an alteration may take place in the performance. Let

Lord Townley, be Mr. Caulfield,
Mr. Manley, " Mr. Usher,
Squire Richard, " Mr. Fox, and
Lady Grace, " Mrs. Powell;

Then we shall experience the gratification, of which we have been deprived, a correct personation of the Provoked Husband.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

MARRIAGE.

The law of nature having determined that marriage is a necessary institution, it follows as a reasonable consequence that it must be a happy one. The passions and the vices of individuals may pervert its original design and change this like any other blessing of Providence into a lamentable evil. But without accusing divine dispensation, we cannot censure so important a right, and without expecting society to be better than it is, we have authority for believing that marriage will contribute to the rational happiness of mankind. But whether it be a blessing universally coveted, or whether it be a charm universally irresistable, it is certainly an object of general regard, and perhaps it would be difficult to find the individual who had remained single *from an abstract preference for celibacy*.

HAPPINESS.

Every body knows *where* it is, but nobody *finds* it.—*What* is it? That too every body understands, but nobody can explain to another.

Alas! poor mortals, still in vain,
From scheme to scheme you rove;
You vainly try that bliss to gain,
The virtuous only prove.

Nor in the city, nor the grove,
The village, nor the cell;
'Tis not with solitude, nor love,
That pleasure deigns to dwell.

in genteel comedy, although the taste of Covent Garden has added its great seal to her credentials in that line, and public opinion here is decided on her excellence, still by the necromancy of dullness, her brightness is not perceived, and her sphere is ruled by a dull "constellation of domestic virtues." Without figure the stage and the nursery both want their mistresses.—— Mrs. S. is seldom before the public, Mrs. P. always, and this sage in criticism assigns the reason; "like a true gem she brightens in the wearing."

To no one spot is peace confin'd,
All ranks her favors share—
Alike the monarch and the hind,
The homely and the fair.

From place to place we vainly fly,
This heav'nly prize to win ;
New scenes for ever vainly try—
This blessing dwells within.

INFIDELITY.

Whether the following anecdote be true or false is of no consequence, it forcibly points to the dangerous consequences which result from the propagation of atheistic or infidel opinions.

A servant, who had made the improvement which might have been expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table, where it was his place to wait, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for this infamous behaviour——"Sir," said he," I have often heard you speak of the inposibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery."

"Well, but," replied the master, "had you no fear of that death, which the laws of your country inflict on a criminal?" "Sir," rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, "What is that to you? If I had a mind to *venture that*, you had *removed* my *greatest* fear; why should I fear the *less* ?"

MADMEN.

In Spain madness is very comom ; as it is more or less in all hot countries. The heat of the climate affects the brain, by drying it up. A Spanish Ambassador going on his mission to Africa, lodged in his way at a convent in Navarre, where many insane people were accommodated. One person, who appeared rational, told the Ambassador that his relations had unjustly shut him up there, and that their interest at court had detained him there, though he had given several proofs of a sound mind ; and begged his grace to apply to the king for his release. The ambassador pitied the man, really judging him to be ill used ; and promised him to apply to his majesty, if he would tell him his name. "I am," replied the maniac, "the angel Gabriel, who carried the message from heaven to the Virgin Mary." On his progress he lodged a second time in Grenada, at a monastery of the same description, and fell into discourse with one of the lunatics, whose story was that he had done eminent services to the king of Spain, and that his son, in order to take possession of his estate, had confined him among madmen ; and he begged his grace, on application to his majesty, to obtain his release. The ambassador mentioned to him his former commission from the angel Gabriel. "Do not mind that fool, my Lord ; he is a liar : for if he had been the angel, I should have known it, as I am God the Father himself."—Henry the second's life was attempted by a madman ; and Mahomet Bassa, a general of the Turkish army, was killed by a madman at the head of his troops. Henry IV. used to say very frequently, "Protect me from madmen! Men in their senses will never do me any harm."

Extracts from "The Miseries of Human Life."....Continued.

MISERIES OF LONDON.

Tes. While you are peaceably reading your paper at a coffee-house—two friends, perfect strangers to you, squatting themselves down at your right and left hand, and talking across you, for an hour, over their private concerns.

Sen. While on a short visit to London—the hurry and ferment—the crossing and jostling—the missing and marring—which incessantly happen among all your engagements, purposes, and promises, both of business and pleasure—at home and abroad—from morning till midnight ;—obstacles equally perverse, unexpected, unaccountable, innumerable, and intolerable, springing up like mushrooms through every step of your progress. Then (when you are at last leaving London) on asking your-

self the question whether any thing has been neglected, or forgotten, receiving for answer—"Almost every thing!"

As you are walking with your charmer—meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery.

Now is not this too much, sir?

Ned Tes. Yes, that's exactly what it is; and therefore you should have cried out, in time,

"Ne QUID *nigh miss!*

Sen. In attempting to pay money in the street—emptying your purse into the kennel—the wind taking care of all the *paper*-money:

Ned Tes. "The trembling *notes* ascend the sky!"

Sen. Standing off and on in the street, for half an hour (though in the utmost haste) while the friend with whom you are walking talks to *his* friend, whom you meet, and to whose conversation you are delicately doubtful whether you ought to be a party.

As you walk forth, freshly and sprucely dressed—receiving *in full*, at a sharp turning, the filthy flirtings of a well-twirled mop.

Tes. Ah! the jade!—Juvenal had never been submitted to this mode of irrigation, when he said

"Nemo *repente* fuit *turpissimus*."

Sen. During the endless time that you are kept waiting at a door in a carriage, while the ladies are shopping, having your impatience soothed by the setting of a saw, close at your ear.

Ned Tes.

"From the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all *saws*. *Shak.*

Sen. The *meridian midnight* of a thick London fog—leaving you no method of distinguishing between the pavement and the middle of the street, much less between one street and another—the "palpable obscure" pursuing you into your parlor and bed-chamber, till you can neither see, speak, nor breathe.

MISERIES OF PUBLIC PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Groan.

Sen. On going to the play to see a favorite performer—to be told, at the drawing up of the curtain, (as you had augured from the rueful bow of the speaker) that he, or she, is suddenly taken ill, or dead, and that Mr. —— or Miss—— (the hacks of the house) has kindly undertaken to try to read the part at five minutes notice.

In the pit, at the opera—a broad-shouldered fellow, seven feet high, seated immediately before you, during the whole ballet.

After the play—to be detained with your party in the house, on a frosty night, till the last of the company, as well as the candles, are *gone out*;—the latter withdrawing their light, and then fobbing you off with their fumes.

Your feelings put to the rack throughout the most moving scenes of a deep tragedy, by a riotous rascal in the upper gallery, who will not, for a moment, suffer his neighbours to cry in peace—while you are perpetually tantalized with neglected proposals from the tender-hearted part of the audience, to "throw him over."

In the pit, at the opera—turning briskly round, on hearing a box-door open close by you, in hopes of feasting your eyes on some young angel whom you expect to appear, and beholding, instead of her, that sort of hideous old crabbed-looking Crone of fashion, whose face is as full of wrinkles as her head is of diamonds.

Ned. Tes.

"Who, like the toad, ugly & venomous,
Wears, yet, a precious jewel in her head." *Shak.*

(To be continued.)

THE BACHELLOR'S VISITS.

CONTINUED.

My next visit was to the amiable Maria, a young lady who had been left under my care; and whose sweetness of disposition inspired me with the tenderest regard. Maria was all *soul* and *sensibility*; and from the moment of her arriving at woman's estate, I had been all solicitude to see her settled, and to find a man capable of appreciating her worth. Maria, however, unfortunately thought it adviseable to chuse her partner for life, and placed her affections upon a man whose impetuous temper was universally known. Nothing could be said in favour of this ill-fated attachment; there was

neither fortune, situation, nor any thing to attract, except that of a *handsome person*: yet Maria was endowed both with refinement and sense. Every argument was made use of; but, alas! without the desired effect, and, in spite of all persuasion, the indissoluble knot was tied.

At the time of my visit Maria had been about seven months married, and was far advanced in a pregnant state, and at unexpectedly seeing me walk into her garden, her lovely countenance was suffuced with a blush of delight. Her situation excited an additional interest —never had she appeared half so attractive in my eyes. "Surely." said I mentally, "the reports I have heard are unfounded! No man could behave ill to a creature so divine!" I had never seen Leander since his marriage, yet too well I knew that his temper was naturally bad. In less than half an hour after my arrival he made his appearance: a smile of welcome illumined his; and when Maria left us, for the purpose of giving some direction to her servants, he informed me that she was the most amiable of her sex, and that he was envied by every creature in the village, as his adored Maria was universally beloved, and admired.

"I rejoice, (said I) my dear Sir, at finding you are sensible of the intrinsic excellence of your wife: so high an opinion did I always entertain of her, that I scarcely conceived it possible to find a man worthy of such a prize, and had I been twenty years younger, I would have disputed my right with you." Maria, at this instant, joined us. "We were talking of *you*, my beloved girl," said Leander, warmly pressing her with violence to his heart. There was something more of the violence of *passion*, than of the gentleness of pure love, in this action. Maria complained that his button had hurt her side, when, with a degree of rudeness, for which I could have knocked him down with pleasure, he pushed her hand from his arm, exclaiming, "By G—! one would imagine that you were made of wax; for you shrnik from my touch as if you were fearful of being broken into a thousand parts."

"No my love;" replied the gentle creature, "but indeed your button hurt my breast."—"Well the next time I kiss you," replied the savage, "you shall not complain." I darted at the monster a look of indignation, which the blushing Maria perceived. "Do not," said she, "accustom yourself to speak so harshly, or my guardian will think you quite a brute: it is merely his way, Sir," continued she, smiling, "for he would be *miserable* if he really thought I was hurt."

A servant at this moment informed Leander that he was wanted. I drew Maria's hand under my arm: "My sweet girl," said I, "let me candidly ask you, are you happy with the object of your choice?" "Yes," replyed Maria, with a sigh, that penetrated to the inmost recesses of my heart, whilst her azure eyes, in spite of her endeavours, involuntarily filled with tears. "Your appearance, Maria, contradicts that assertion," clasping my hands together, I exclaimed, "Great God!" "Indeed," said the charming creature, "*I am happy*; but my spirits have lately not been very good, and the unexpected sigh of a friend whom I consider as a parent, has softened every feeling of my heart." Perceiving her husband approaching, she turned into another walk, fearing he should perceive her emotion, and too easily suspect the real cause.

We soon received a summons to dinner. Leander then appeared very attentive to his wife, and carefully selected for her those parts of which she was fond. This mode of conduct pleased me; but entering into conversation after the cloth was removed, Maria happened to differ in opinion, when he unceremoniously desired her to hold her d——d *foolish tongue*, as she was speaking at random, and of what she did not comprehend.

To restrain my tongue, I now found difficult; but I merely contented myself with saying "Maria was *perfectly right*; in fact," continued I, "when under my protection, her opinon was always considered as an oracle by me." You have *spoiled her a little* to be sure, Sir," replied Leander, endeavouring to conceal his chagrin; "but wives ought to be obedient to their husbands, as St. Paul observes"—Silence prevailed a few moments, when Leander started from his seat, and embracing Maria, said he believed he was a *brute*. During the remaining part of the day he continued in good humour; but I had seen enough of his temper to be convinced, that a disposition like Maria's could never be happy with such a man, and I retired to my chamber, deploring that fate which she had chosen for herself.

I was just stepping into bed, when my ears were startled by the loud tones of Leander's voice, abusing one of the servants, in language at which every gentleman ought to have blushed. In vain did the amiable girl endeavour to allay his fury, by saying, she was certain the servant had not intentionally disobeyed his commands, for his passion was then directed towards a new object and he imprecated curses upon her devoted head. Never to be forgotten are the sensations which such savage barbarity inspired: sleep totally fled from my eye-lids, and my whole frame was agitated to a violent degree.

When we assembled at breakfast the next morning. Maria's swollen eyes told a melancholy tale: in vain she endeavoured to appear cheerful; but her husband appeared totally unconcerned, and addressed her with the same ease of manners as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. Though I had intended to pass a week with this ill-fated young woman, I would not have done it for five thousand pounds. The altercations of Adolphus and Amelia had disgusted me, but to witness the treatment this lovely creature met with, agonized my soul. She complained of indisposition after breakfast. Leander instantly took the alarm, flew to obtain medical assistance, and was all kindness, solicitude, and love. That this capricous mortal loves her is beyond dispute; but her life is an alternate scene of sun-shine and storm; for the slightest contradiction will put him out of temper, and the being who is entitled to all his tenderness, then appears to be an object to his hate. A letter by the post was a pretence for my departure; yet, with a heavy heart I took leave and returned to my own peaceful habitation, more disgusted than ever with the marriage state.

That this world, Mr. Editor, is intended as a scene of *trial* and *probation*, does not admit of a doubt; and, in the next, I hope the amiable Maria will meet with her reward: but to see a being formed for domestic happiness united to a man whose tempestuous passions must embitter every moment of her life, is exposing myself to a sight which at once mortifies and afflicts me beyond what either my fortitude, or philosophy, can endure.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

ODE TO WINTER.

The joys of bounteous nature now are o'er,
The waving grove and softly murm'ring rill;
The flow'ry landscape and the meads, no more
The poet's breast with secret raptures fill.

When Summer's sportive pleasures far were heard,
And every grove was scented with perfume;
When with rich verdure all the lawns appear'd,
And nature smil'd in all her richest bloom;

Phœbus his grandeur and his pomp display'd—
On all the verdant fields dispens'd his ray:
In Friendship's cheerful, placid smile array'd
He seeming with regret declin'd the day.

But now when half the world lies hid in snow
And desolation saddens every grove;
Now when the imprison'd river groans below;
His friendship cools and he withdraws his love.

Thus the fell storms of poverty severe
Scatter the friendship of a sun-shine day;
And thus where mournful scenes of grief appear,
Retire precipitate the young and gay.

Behold! upon the frost-be-pictur'd ice,
What mimic prospects there deceive our eyes;
Such is the vain illusive form of vice!
Such the exterior for which Fancy sighs!

But see! the clouds are thick'ning in the air,
The storm tremendous rushes down the sky,
While to their humble huts the swains repair,
Content while peace and innocence are by.

Exempted from the rushing storms of Fate
Belov'd by Friendship, but ne'er stunn'd with praise,
Nor prest with wo, nor yet by joy elate,
In calm indifference let me pass my days.

Securely shelter'd in this bless'd retreat,
From politics and party rage apart;
Unenvying the ambition of the great,
Where strife and high blown pride corrode the heart.

But other prospects should my thoughts engage,
I'd search the records of preceding times,
Explore the sacred, the historic page,
And learn how virtue to perfection climbs.

LEANDER.

For the Emerald.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Little insect that on high,
On a spire of springing grass,
Tipsey with the morning dew,
Free from care thy life doth pass.

As in chirping plaintive notes,
Thou the hasty sun dost chide
And with murm'ring music charm,
Summer—charming to abide.

If a pleasant day arrive,
Soon a pleasant day is gone;
While we reach to seize our joys,
Swift the winged bliss is flown.

Pain and sorrow dwell with us,
Pleasure scarce a moment lasts;
Thou thyself find'st Summer short,
But the Winter long remains. S.

SELECTED.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON MYSELF.

To Pleasures wiles an easy prey,
Beneath this sod a bosom lies;
Yet spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O stranger! if thy wayward lot
Thro' Folly's heedless maze has led,

Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head.

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,
To sooth all sorrows but his own.

For he by tuneful Fancy rear'd,
(Though ever dumb he sleeps below,)
The stillest sigh of anguish heard,
And gave a tear to ev'ry woe.

Oh! place his dear harp by his side,
(His harp, alas! his only hoard;)
The fairy breeze at even tide
Will trembling kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
When misty twilight stream'd around;
To mark the slowly heaving flood,
And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen
'Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,
He trac'd o'er yonder margent green
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause, the lark to hear,
With speckled wing, the skies explore;
Oft paus'd to see the slow flock near:
But he shall hear and see no more.

Then, stranger, be his foibles lost;
At such small foibles Virtue smil'd:
Few was their number, large their cost,
For he was Nature's orphan child.

The graceful drop of pity spare,
(To him the bright drop once belong'd:)
Well, well his doom deserves thy care;
Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah! as thou roam'st the checquer'd gloom,
Bid the sweet night-bird's numbers flow,
And the last sunbeam light his tomb.

DERMODY.

ANACREONTIC.

The Paphian Boy, my blooming fair,
Nestles within this heart of mine;
And feel how he trembles there,
Awaken'd by that touch of thine.

Have you not mark'd when infants weep,
As fears their little breasts alarm,
How soon their murmurs sink to sleep
When folded soft in Beauty's arm?

Love is a child, my girl, you know,
Then take him to thy breast of snow,
And on that heave of Beauty blest,
Oh! let him tremble into rest!

EPIGRAMS.

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The Pettifogger.

No cause nor client fat will *Quillus* leese,
But as they come on both sides, he takes fees!
And pleaseth both—for while he melts his grease
For this; that wins, for whom he holds his peace.

Steering by the Tail.

As Sir *Toby* reel'd home, with his skin full of wine,
To his house in —— square, from his friends at the *Vine*,
He snuff'd the fresh air, and his noddle turn'd round;
He stagger'd—but gain'd not an inch of his ground.
Get home! quoth the knight: why, this ne'er can do,
If for one step gain'd forwadrs, I backwards reel two.
I'll return to the *Vine*.—So as one might suppose,
Sir *Toby* intended to follow his nose.
But this retrogade knight ne'er alter'd his pace,
And, gaining ground backwards, found out the right place.
The sot's mathematics at length did prevail,
And Sir *Toby* steer'd home, by the help of his tail.

The last Members that die.

When *man* & *woman* die, as poets sung,
His *heart's* the last part moves; her last, the *tongue*.

THE PRUDENT THIEF.

Sam stole no more than paid his Lawyer's brief.
Thus the *receiver* pleaded for the *thief*.

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